

An Outright War

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Summary: My version of my own Halo....ish

An Outright War

The Outlawed Regiment

After the government forbade our regiment to enter the war, we were devastated. Days passed by slowly in the barracks. Soon, I formed an unforgivable plan. Throwing on my MJOLNIR Mark 4 Armor, I rallied my soldiers. "Men! Today, we will break out of here and enter the war against restrictions!" I roared. "Why should we?" remarked a few of them. "Our men, our fellow soldiers in training, our friends are out there fighting for their planet's safety. Why can't we? Commander Lance has sent for reinforcements, and I do believe we are the last of them. Our comrades are falling quickly! I am willing to risk my life, go in, and take as many alien scum with me to my grave! Now who's with me?"

On the morning of July 19, 2428, Regiment White Angels took the remaining transport too the battle frontier. " Commander Lance, Major Amoru Wolf reporting in with the last regiment White Angels." "Yes! The reinforcements have arrived!" cheered Commander Lance and his army. I stood before my men, who were armed to the teeth for a death match, to say my last words to them. "I have been honored to train you soldiers for this day," I bellowed. "Now let's show these aliens what we mean when we say war!"

Slamming a clip into my M4A5 assault rifle, I slung a sash of plasma grenades around my waist, threw a shogun over my shoulder and ran into the frenzy. Bullets were fired from my rifle at alarming speeds as I ran though showers of shells, sand, and water. Men fell around me as did the aliens before me.

click-click-click My rifle's steady spray of bullets instantly halted. I hurled my rifle into the alien front lines, pulled out my shotgun, and splattered a Hunter's brains into the blue, green, and

red colored sand. Sending steady blasts into the alien ranks, I threw a plasma grenade at a Brute. Seeing it land and stick to it's breastplate, I quickly bounded out of their army's center. Weaving through green plasma charges and purple needle explosives, I slipped through some orange Elite blood and went sprawling in the sand.

As I turned over, a large blue charge was sent sky high. Unusually colored blood sprayed over my suit and visor as I slowly stood up. I bend down and retrieved a half submerged M4A5 and scanned my surroundings. I relieved a dead comrade of his weapons and ammunition and headed back out. "Central Base, this is Major Amoru Wolf. I am going in solo. I repeat, I am going in solo. Rally all troops at the enemy airfield," I radioed.

Storming through the shallows of the ocean, I looked up to see many Wraiths and Carriers. I moved into the airfield and found little guards, so I waltzed into the control center. There, I was confronted by many Elites, with shotgun in hand. I lugged a few grenades into their forces and ran down another corridor. I took a few heavy charges of plasma to my legs and my visor was shattered. I fell forward and skid across the smooth floor. Knowing I would probably not make it out, I yanked off the sash of remaining grenades from my waist. I set them all to detonate and threw it at the power core. A huge blue charge and explosion was set off. Everything I saw slowly faded away, the sound of the consecutive detonations echoing though my head.

End

End
file.